

It's a State of Mind.

uch depends upon one's mental attitude and perhaps one's wife's relations do not really eat much more of one's own and it only seems so.—State Journal.

Facts Versus Fiction.

hoppie (looking up from novel)—a stupid author! I'm sure those would have kissed each other long.—Boston Transcript.

Gods Galore.

dia holds the record for images, has been estimated that there are 300,000,000 images of the various gods there.

Then Get the Other Side.

ccess is merely a matter of luck if you don't believe it ask any unsuccessful man.—Boston Transcript.

The Honor Code.

Those of us who would have our days glide by peacefully should not expect too much at the hands of others. This is a strenuous age—indeed, almost every minute of every hour is all too crowded for the average person. There is but one honor code to go by—play fair. The girl or woman who does so will have absolutely no regrets, and will prove a real inspiration to others around her.—New York Evening Telegram.

Unlike Mayflower Pilgrims.

In 1731, on the 27th of September, a gang of 130 felons were taken from Newgate prison and put aboard ship to be transported to America to colonize the country. Later in the century England changed the destination of her transported criminals to Botany Bay and favored America with shiploads of destitute people just discharged from the poorhouses.

WELCOME HOME

By LIZZIE M. PEABODY.

The old mill town seemed steeped in glorious sunshine the day it welcomed home its returned sons from the various branches of war service; bells rang, bands played and banners waved everywhere.

The beautifully staged floats, each representing its bit of history, each bearing loyal men and women who had in their appointed way fought hard to help win the war, were also generously applauded as they passed on their way.

After the parade came the banquet and speeches, and then dancing in the town hall. Certainly each returned man and boy should have felt his heart warm with appreciation of the hearty welcome given him, and Stephen Glenn, honorably discharged that very day, and who had arrived in town only a short time before the parade started had honestly appreciated every effort made in his behalf as a returned soldier, and yet there was a dissatisfied look in his dark eyes as they roved around the hall, even as he danced with the prettiest girl and best dancer there.

He was looking for little Betty Plummer, and she had not yet appeared.

Seven laboriously written letters which should have passed the censor, he had sent to her.

Even while keeping step to the gay music he sorrowfully admitted to himself that as far as he was concerned he might as well have tied a stone to each letter and have dropped it into the deep sea; for he had not heard from her. Members of his company had received letters from the home town more or less regularly, but the sensitiveness which made him hide deep his hurt feelings, counseled silence, and he had asked no questions of them.

Although he was fond of dancing he suddenly decided early in the evening to go home; and as a result soon found himself walking rapidly in the direction of the old Plummer homestead, where Betty lived with her grandmother, and which was in the opposite direction from his boarding place.

Supposing that Betty had stayed away from the dance in order to avoid him, he argued to himself—supposing even that she preferred spending the evening at home with someone who had taken his place in her heart. There really wasn't any reason why he shouldn't stroll down by the old-fashioned gambrel-roofed white cottage where she lived, and he was soon standing close to the old furrowed stone which after many years of service as a part of the busy old grist mill had been chosen by Betty's grandfather as a suitable stepping stone to his front door. In the sitting room there was a cheery light and outside the old-fashioned flowers which grew about the sides of the old stone seemed to sleepily nod to him a welcome as they swayed toward him in the pale moonlight. Then the unexpected happened. From force of habit and almost unconscious of the act, he raised the old brass knocker and knocked upon the door.

It was Betty who came, opened the door quickly, and then stood gazing at him.

Without being wholly successful she tried to veil the look of happiness which sprang into her blue eyes as she recognized him, and checking an exclamation, with hands hanging limply by her sides, she silently waited for him to speak.

"Don't stand there looking like that Betty!" he burst out. "You must have known that I couldn't keep away; that I would have to learn from your own lips your reason for not answering my letters to you. Maybe they weren't interesting, maybe they weren't well written; but, oh, Betty! couldn't you have written just once?" Her expression changed and she tried to speak calmly, but her voice trembled and broke.

"You told me you would send your address, and I waited for you to write. At first I was very patient, and then I—but oh, I didn't get any letters. Stevie—" and for a moment she covered her eyes with both hands.

A feeling of perfect comprehension crept over him. Couldn't he understand well enough how hard it had been to bear the strain of waiting! Eagerly he caught at her hands and drew them swiftly away from her face.

"Seven letters, Betty!" he cried. "Seven letters I wrote and sent and would have written 77 more, only I made up my mind at last that you did not care for my letters, or for me." In his voice was the ring of truth. Truth shone in his clear, young eyes, and all her doubts and fears vanished; but with gloomy foreboding he asked: "Can't you believe me?"

"Yes! Yes!" she replied hastily. "And no one else in all the wide world could be so welcome," she said softly. As a few moments later she stood in the sitting room doorway, watching as he placed his hat on the hook in the little front entry, her smiling eyes and lips seemed to him to still be saying: "No one else in all the wide world could be so welcome."

Looking over her shoulder he noted the big old armchair, the red and green woolen carpet, so familiar to him. And even the little sitting room echoed her softly spoken words, and a boyish smile lit up his face as he remarked: "The right sort of welcome from the right girl. Can you beat it?"

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MADE BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIFE

Half-Breed Sailor, Wrecked Off Philippines, Simply Determined He Would Not Die.

Among the crew of the Polgat, a ship that foundered off Malabon, in the Philippines, was a half-breed sailor named Alejandro Lorenzo. In the moment of the ship's sinking he was agile enough, and lucky enough, to leap clear of the wreck and escape the deadly suction of the disappearing vessel. He was alive and uninjured, but he was many miles from shore, and there was no help in sight.

After swimming for an hour he found a hatch cover on which he rested. Then pushing the hatch cover ahead, he started for San Nicolas. He was just reaching shallow water when the tide carried him out to sea again.

As night came on the wind increased and the waves tossed him and his hatch cover back and forth till he was almost exhausted, being washed toward the Cavite shore. For several hours he drifted in, but just as his hope grew strong the tide and wind swept him in spite of his struggles once more out to sea.

Something brushed against his leg. He thought that it was a shark and screamed in fear. "It did not touch me, or I should have gone mad," he said. The water was cold, the night was dark and the rain beat down on him. He heard a cry in the darkness, and pushed his hatch cover in the direction whence the sound came. He found a Filipino boy, another survivor of the wreck, clinging to an oil box. They drifted together.

When daylight came they could see boats, but could not make themselves heard or seen. They were tortured by thirst, salt water got into their mouths, they drifted all day.

Night came again. Soon after dark they saw the lights of a breakwater, and with new hopes noticed that the lights grew larger and more distinct. They were being washed toward the shore. But the boy could not hold out. Taken with cramps, he lost his hold on the oil box and went down. The man was washed into the middle of the bay and drifted all night.

At dawn he was almost ready to give up, but the wind and waves headed him for the shore and he took heart. Then he saw boats and used his last strength in trying to reach them. The boatmen saw him, were able to get to him in time and picked him out of the water. There was not much of the man left, and shrieking for water, he collapsed in the bottom of the boat.

As he lay on a pallet, after he found himself able to talk again, his rescuers spoke of his wonderful endurance. Alejandro in reply said that, of course, he had done the best he could. He wanted to live, he said.—New York Herald.

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WALTER McNALLY,

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